THE FAMOVS VICtories of Henry the fifth:

Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court:

As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players.

LONDON
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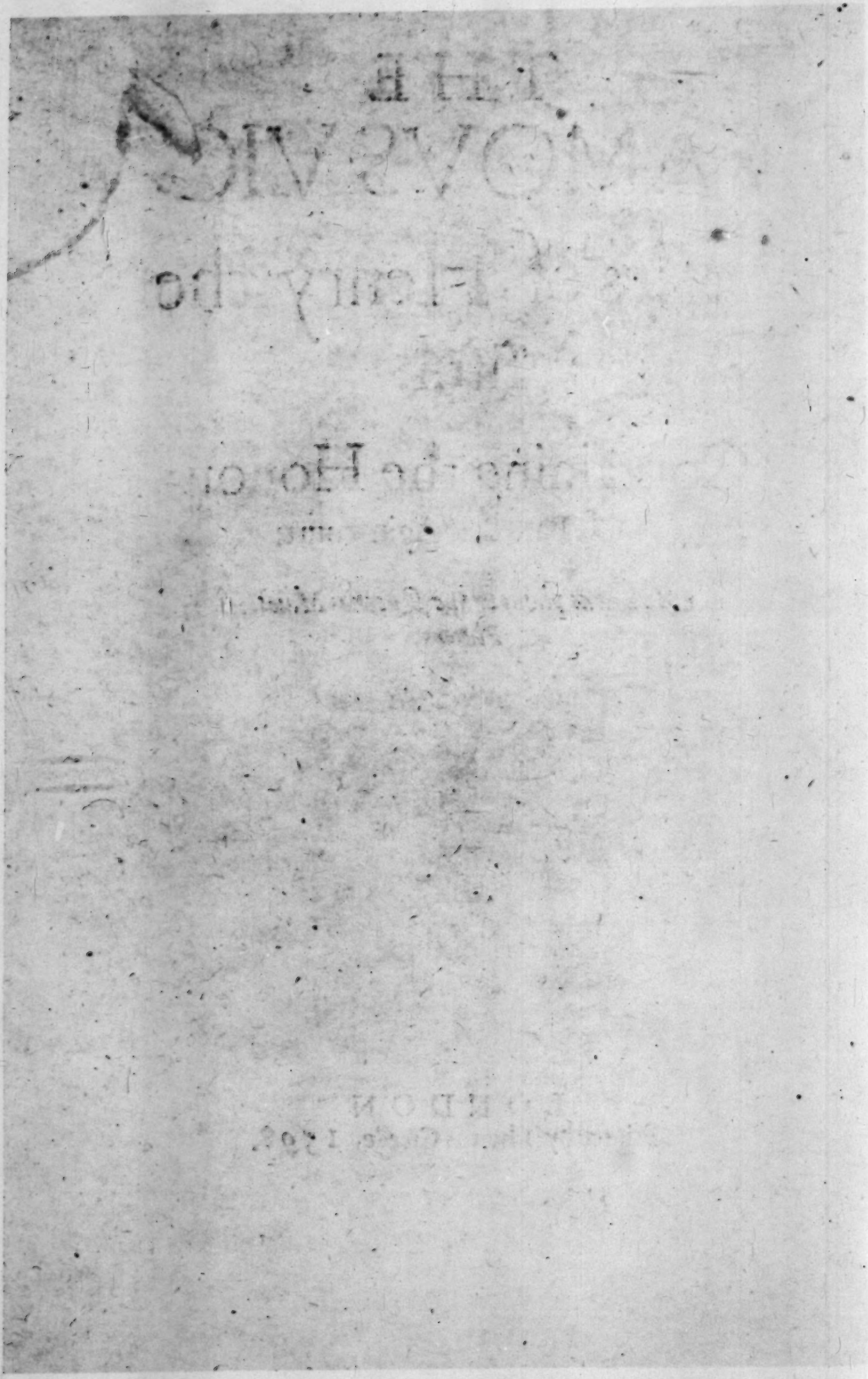

The Famous Victories

of Henry the fifth, Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agin-court.

Enter the ſoong Prince, Ned, *and* Tom.

Henry the fifth.

COme away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr.5. Come away my Lads:
Tell me ſirs, how much gold haue you got?

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got fiue hundred pound.

Hen.5. But tell me Tom, how much haſt thou got?

Tom. Faith my Lord, ſome foure hundred pound.

Hen.5. Foure hundred pounds, bravely ſpoken Lads.
But tell me ſirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous
part of me to rob my fathers Receiuers?

Ned. Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen.5. Faith Ned thou ſayeſt true.
But tell me ſirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen.5. But ſirs, I marueil that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle
Comes not away: Sounds ſee where he comes.

Enters Iockey.

How now Iockey, what newes with thée?

Iockey. Faith my Lord, ſuch newes as pafleth,
For the Towne of Detfort is riſen,

With hus and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the laſt night,
And has ſet vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.
Hen.5. Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to ſpie
Out our booties.
Iock. I my Lord, euen the very ſame.
Hen.5. Now baſe minded raſcal to rob a poore carrier,
Wel it ſkils not, ile ſaue the baſe vilaines life:
I, I may: but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the Receiuers?
Ioc. Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the beſt is, we are a horſe backe and they be a foote,
So we may eſcape them.
Hen.5. Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone with
them.
But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?
For I am ſure I got ſomething, for one of the vilaines
So belamd me about the ſhoulders,
As I ſhal feele it this moneth.
Iock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.
Hen.5. A hundred pound, now bravely ſpoken Iockey:
But come firs, laie al your money before me,
Now by heauen here is a braue ſhewe:
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe
Of this ſpent to night, but firs take vp your bags,
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

Enters two Receiuers.

One. Alas good fellow, what ſhal we do?
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I ſhall be hangd.
But looke, here is the yong Prince, what ſhal we do?
Hen.5. How now you vilaines, what are you?
One Recei. Speake you to him.
Other. No I pray, ſpeake you to him.
Hen.5. Why how now you raſcals, why ſpeak you not?
One. Forſooth we be. Pray ſpeake you to him.
Hen.5. Sowns, vilains ſpeak, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.

Other. Forsoth he can tel the tale better then I.
One. Forsoth we be your fathers Receiuers.
Hen.5. Are you my fathers Receiuers?
Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.
One. Honey, Alas sir we be robd.
Hen.5. Robd, how many were there of them?
One. Marry sir, there were foure of them:
And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,
And your blacke Nag.
Hen.5. Cogs wounds how like you this Iockey?
Blood you vilaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we robd in our stables.
But tell me, how many were of them?
One recei. If it please you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bignesse of you:
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
That he will feele it this month.
Hen.5. Cogs wounds you laind them fairely,
So that they haue carried away your money.
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?
Both recei. I beseech your grace, be good to vs.
Ned. I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.
Well stand vp and get you gone,
And looke that you speake not a word of it,
For if there be, sownes Ile hang you and all your kin.
Exit Pursuant.
Hen.5. Now sirs, how like you this?
Was not this bravely done?
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,
I haue so feared them with words.
Now whither shall we goe?
All. Why my Lord, you know our old hostes
At Feuersham.
Hen.5. Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal we do there?
We haue a thousand pound about vs,

And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.
No,no: you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine: besides,there is a prettie wench
That can talke well,for I delight as much in their tongs,
As any part about them.

All. We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

Hen.5. Gogs wounds wait,we will go altogither,
We are all fellowes,I tell you sirs,and the King
My father were dead,we would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds,brauely spoken Harry.

Enter Iohn Cobler,Robin Pewterer,Lawrence Costermonger.

Iohn Cob. All is well here,all is well maisters.

Robin. How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?
I thinke it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billinsgate ward.
How say you neighbour Robin,how like you this?

Robin. Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.
But neighbours,and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,
I will come to you.

Exit Robin.

Law. Neighbor,what newes heare you of ỹ young Prince:

Iohn. Marry neighbor, I heare say, he is a toward young Prince,
For if he met any by the hie way,
He will not let to talke with him,
I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these talking fellowes.

Law. Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as liuely
A young Prince as euer was.

Iohn. I,and I heare say,if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

Iohn. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit down,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rouing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neighbors, what meane you to sleepe,
And such ado in the streetes?

Ambo. How now neighbor, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why what ailst thou? here is no horses.

Dericke. O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him neighbor Cobler.

Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,
Do Clownes go in silke apparell?
I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so
Well: Sownes you know clownes very well:
Heare you, are you maister Constable, and you be speake?
For I will not take it at his hands.

Iohn. Faith I am not maister Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not maister Constable here?
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

Iohn. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

Iohn. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:

And

And we would be loth to haue any thing adw,
Therefore I pray thée put it vp.
Der. First,thou saiest true,I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow tw,
And you séeme to be poore men, therfore I care not greatly,
Nay,I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the théefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.
Robin. Yes that we wil,I warrant you.
Der. Tis a wonderful thing to sée how glad the knaue
Is,now I haue forgiuen him.
Iohn. Neighbors do ye loke about you:
How now, who's there:

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape:
Der. Whope hollo,now Gads Hill,knowest thou me:
Theef. I know thée for an Asse.
Der. And I know thée for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent:
A bots light vpon ye.
Theef. The whorson vilaine would be knockt.
Der. Maisters,vilaine,and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him,let him not passe you.
Iohn. My friend,what make you abroad now:
It is to late to walke now.
Theef. It is not to late for true men to walke.
Law. We know thée not to be a true man.
Theef. Why what do you meane to do with me:
Sownes I am one of the kings liege people.
Der. Heare you sir,are you one of the kings liege people:
Theef. I marry am I sir,what say you to it:
Der. Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching
Cob. Come,come,lets haue him away. (people.
Theef. Why what haue I done:

Robin.

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer saine him before.

Dor. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vinetners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue beene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntill such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeede Robert.

Law. Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day.

Theef. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. Nay thou must go to ꝧ country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

Theef. I prethie be good to me honest fellow.

Der. I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thée, For I will neuer leaue thée, til I sée thée on the Gallowes.

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter, and the Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maie-

K.Hen.4. Admit them to our presence. (stie.

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

Now my good Lord Maior of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be hailed to prison by euery subiect.

Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

King Hen.4. Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

Maior. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, thē any anger.

K.Hen.4. Go to, say on.

Maior. Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords,

and

and into the ſtreete they went, and ſome toke my Lord the yong Princes part, and ſome toke the other, but betwixt them there was ſuch a bloodie fray for the ſpace of halfe an houre, that neither watchmē nor any other could ſtay thē, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were ſent for, and at the laſt with much adoo we ſtaied them, but it was long firſt, which was a great diſquieting to all your louing ſubiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had ſent them to trie vs, whether we would doo iuſtice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in ſuch a caſe we knew not what to do, but for our own ſafegard we ſent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maieſties ſonne. And thus moſt humbly beſeeching your Maieſtie to thinke of our anſwere.

Hen 4. Stand aſide vntill we haue further deliberated on your anſwere.

Exit Maior.

Hen. 4. Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accurſed Harry,
That hath gotten a ſonne, which with greefe
Will end his fathers dayes.
Oh my ſonne, a Prince thou art, & a Prince indeed,
And to deſerue impriſonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull ſubiects:
Diſcharge them and let them go.

L. Exe. I beſeech your Grace, be good to my Lord the yong Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Oxf. Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue bene too preciſe in this matter.

Hen. 4. No: they haue done like faithfull ſubiects:
I will go my ſelfe to diſcharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

Enter Lord chiefe Iuſtice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

Iudge. Jayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

Der. Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

Iudge. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord.

Iudge. Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Cleark. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne before I came here, And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Iudge. I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go.

Der. Sownes and you do but send to the next Jaile, We are sure to know his name,
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

Clearke. What is thy name?

Theef. What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.

Clearke. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe. What the Diuell need you ask, and know it so well.

Cleark. Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thée by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

Der. Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hée hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Belle with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.

Iudge. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Iudge. By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe.

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you here? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

Hen.5. Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord?

Iudge. I am glad to see your grace in good health.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis marueil you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Iudge. Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, what hath he done? (Carrier.

Iud. And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore

Der. Yeare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

Hen.5. What wast you butter-breech?
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.

Der. Yeare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

Hen.5. Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Iudg. And please your grace, the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Der. Yeare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

Hen.5. Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

Iudg. And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Hen.5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man?
Iudge. I am sorie that it falles out so.
Hen.5. Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?
Iud. And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne.
Hen.5. You say true my Lord:
And you will hang my man.
Iudge. And like your grace, I must néeds do iustice.
Hen.5. Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?
Iudge. I cannot my Lord.
Hen.5. But will you not let him go?
Iud. I am sorie that his case is so ill.
Hen.5. Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man?
Iudge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.
Hen.5. Nay, and I shal not say it then I am answered?
Iudge. No.
Hen.5. No: then I will haue him.
He giueth him a boxe on the eare.
Ned. Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?
Hen.5. No, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians,
Away, be gone.

Exeunt the Theefe.

Iudge. Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.
Hen.5. Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.
Iudge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?
Hen.5. You, who knowes not you?
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.
Iudge. Your Grace hath said truth, therfore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely, but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place I do represent. And therefore to teach you what preroga-

tiues

tiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill we haue spoken with your father.

Hen.5. Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fléete?

Iudge. I indéed, and therefore carry him away.

Exeunt Hen.5. with the Officers.

Iudge. Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntil the nert Sises.

Iay. At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.

Der. Sownds maisters, heres adoo,
When Princes must go to prison:
Why Iohn, didst euer sée the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. (ler,

Der. Why Iohn thou maist sée what princes be in chol-
A Iudge a bore on the eare, Ile tel thée Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. No no; I, there had bene no way but one with
We should haue bene hangde. (vs,

Der. Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thée a bore on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues
Meane, I commit you to the Fléete.

Iohn. Come on, Ile be your Iudge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must néeds haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare:
How say you, shall I not haue my man?

Iohn. No marry shall you not.

Der.

Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

Der. Why then take you that till more come,
Sownes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Sownds, dost not know thy self?

Iohn. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

Iohn. No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, Maste thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean
I commit you to the Fleete.

Der. Wel I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,
Exit. And straight enters again. (Ile course you.
Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now
thou seest they will not take me to the Flete, I thinke that
thou art one of these Monenday Clownes.

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no more a Carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou do then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alasse I am not able to keepe thee,
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such little thing serues me.

Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of rotes.

Der. Rotes, why are you so good at roting?
Nay Cobler, weele haue you ringde.

Iohn.

Iohn But Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale,
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.
Der. A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can.
Exeunt.

Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didst thou not see what a bore on the eare
I toke my Lord chiefe Iustice?
Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his teeth iarre in his head.

Enter sir Iohn Old-Castle.

Hen.5. How now sir Iohn Old-Castle,
What newes with you?
Ioh.Old. I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visit you in prison.
Hen.5. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a Princes son, why tis inough for me to loke into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such ado now a-dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuel and all: but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.
Ioh.Old. Yet is a good olde man, God take him to his mercy the sooner.
Hen.5. But Ned so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Iustice out of office,
And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.
Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?
By gogs wounds, ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice
That euer was in England.
Hen.5. Then Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence Schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to

maintaine them withall: then I will haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the high way side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me and I will giue him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a merry world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

Hen. 5. To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

Iockey. Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so full of needles?

Hen. 5. Cloake, flat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne deuising, and therefore I wil weare it.

Tom. I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen. 5. Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

Ioc. Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings.

Hen. 5. Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yong Prince will be a well toward yong man and all this geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must needs speake with my father, therfore come away.

Porter. What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gate?

Hen.5. Heres one that must speake with the King.

Por. The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

Hen.5. No you rascall, do you not know me?

Por. You are my Lord the yong Prince.

Hen.5. Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

Hen.5. No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to do here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office.

The Trumpet sounds.

Hen.5. Cogs wounds sirs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen.4. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the Fleete? now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie.

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That commeth to speake with you,
He saith, he must and wil speake with you.

Hen.4. Who my sonne Harry?

Oxf. I and please your Maiestie.

Hen.4. I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.

Oxf. A verie disordered company, and such as make
Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house.
Hen.4. Well let him come,
But looke that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your grace,
My Lord the King, sends for you.
Hen.5. Come away sirs, lets go all togither.
Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.
Hen.5. Why I must needs haue them with me,
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.
Oxf. The King your father commaunds
There should none come.
Hen.5. Well sirs then be gone,
And prouide me three Noyse of Musitians.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen.4. Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Wil end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I tel thee my sonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to
my heart, & neuer an flat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule:
and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I
know not, but by coniecture.

He weepes.

Hen.5. My cõscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point,

That

That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armde against your life: no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for so good a father: but farre be the thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe: and I most humbly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and soueraigne for euer: and with your dagger at me show like vengeance vpon the bodie of that your sonne, I was about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweete father, because I am vnworthie, and those vilde & reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer. Pardon sweete father, pardon: the least thing and most desire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe: Pardō me, sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exeter speak for me: pardon me, pardō good father, not a word: ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry. But what shal I do: I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen.4. Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Hen.5. And doth my father call me again: now Harry, Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen.4. Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father, But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee, And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen.5. Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day, Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

Hen.4. Come my son and Lords take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson stinking (whore,
Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

Enter Iohn Cobler running.

Iohn. Derick, D.D. Yeareſta,
Do D. neuer while thou liueſt vſe that,
Why what wil my neighbors ſay, and thou go away ſo?

Der. Shées a narrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn.

Iohn. Why what hath ſhe done?

Der. Marry marke thou Iohn.
I wil proue it that I wil.

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That ſhe cald me in to dinner.
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was ſet,
She brought me a diſh of rootes, and a peece of barrel butter therein: and ſhe is a verie knaue,
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Yeareſta Dericke, is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worſe, we wil go home againe,
And all ſhall be amended.

Der. Oh Iohn, yeareſta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then ile go home before, and breake all the glaſſe windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Hen.4. Come my Lords, I ſee it bootes me not to take any phiſick, for all the Phiſitians in the world cannot cure me, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my laſt wil and Teſtament concerning my ſonne, for truly my Lordes, I do not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer raigned in England.

Both. Let heauen and earth be witneſſe betweene vs, if we accompliſh not thy wil to the vttermoſt.

Hen.4. I giue you moſt vnfained thãks, good my lordes,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cauſe ſome Muſicke to rocke me a ſléepe.

He ſleepeth. (Exeunt Lords.

Enter

Enter the Prince.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I, doe if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exe. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Hen.4. Now my Lords.

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Hen.4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a little backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crown is take away.

Hen 4. The Crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxf. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Hen.4. Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,

Doest

Wselt thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest haue it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?
Hen.5. Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse: and what should I do,
But with weeping teares lament ỹ death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I toke it:
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death? but seeing you liue,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.
Hen.4. Stand vp my sonne,
Thine answers hath sounded wel in mine eares,
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogither vnmindful of thy comming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let me put thée in possession whilst I liue,
That none deprriue thée of it after my death.
Hen.5. Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,
But it shal neuer touch my head, so lõg as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne.

Hen.4. God giue thée ioy my sonne,
God blesse thée and make thée his seruant,
And send thée a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.
Hen.5. Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,
But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Were

Were it harder then braſſe or bollion.

Hen.4. Nobly ſpoken, and like a King.
Now truſt me my Lords, I feare not but my ſonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L.Ambo. His former life ſhewes no leſſe.

Hen.4. Wel my lords, I know not whether it be ſoy ſleep,
Or drawing neare of drowſie ſummer of death,
But I am verie much giuen to ſléepe,
Therefore good my Lords and my ſonne,
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,
And cauſe ſome Muſicke to rocke me a ſléepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird
Which hath eſcaped out of the Cage,
For ſo ſoone as my Lord chiefe Iuſtice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:
But here comes ſome of his companions,
I wil ſée and I can get any thing of them,
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, we ſhall be all kings.

Ned. Gogs wounds, I ſhall be Lord chiefe Iuſtice
Of England.

Tom. Why how, are you broken out of priſon?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine ſtinkes.

Ioc. Why what wil become of thée now?
Fie vpon him, how the raſcall ſtinkes.

Theef. Marry I will go and ſerue my maiſter againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, dooſt think that he wil haue any ſuch
Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

Ned. Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée.

Exit Theefe.

Ioc. Oh holy it did me good, to see the king
When he was crowned:
He thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.

Ned. But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.

Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people beleeue,
That he was sorie for his fathers death.

The Trumpet sounds.

Ned. Gogs woundes, the king comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford.

Ioc. How do you my Lord?

Ned. How now Harry?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beleeue
The death of your father greeues you,
And tis nothing so.

Hen. 5. I prethée Ned, mend thy maners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my vnfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be changed.
Ioc. Sogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds tis not so sweete as Musicke.
Tom. I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.
Hen. 5. Ah Tom, your former life greeues me,
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer
And therefore not vpō pain of death to approch my presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,
What say you to our Emballage into France?
Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King:
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the vsurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not:
For your Country men are willing with purse and men,
To aide you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,
That Scotland hath bene in leagne with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,
And thē I think that you may go more easily into France:
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord. (terbury.
Hen. 5. I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of Can-

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?
Oxf. And And please your Maiestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, saving in this,
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin:
According to the old saying. (France,
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquere France and conquere both.
Enter Lord of Exeter.
Exe. And please your Maiestie,
My Lord Embassador is come out of France.
Hen.5. Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolue vs of our answere,
Commit him to our presence.
Enter Duke of Yorke.
York. God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.
Hen.5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the French king?
Yorke. And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I toke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent,
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the Embassage.
Hen.5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges
Into our presence.
Enter Archbishop of Burges.
Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you haue our message to do
From our brother the French king:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We giue you free libertie and license to speake,

With

With good audience.

Archb. God saue the mightie king of England,
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds,
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may wel spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and maister,
Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere,
No tell thy Lord and maister,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And it please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.

Hen 5. What a guilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, loke what is in it?

Yorke. And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an Embassador.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

Archb. My Lord hearing of your wildenesse before your
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.
Hen. 5. My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with
Buttel him, that in stead of balles of leather, (me:
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it:
Therfore get thee hence, and tel him thy message quickly,
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.
Archb. I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.
Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword:
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it,
And I Harry of England, wil performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.
Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil y there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,
With all speed, at South-Hampton,
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,
Therefore come, but staie,
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chasing
With this French Embassador.
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Enters

Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Exe. Here is the king my Lord.

Iustice. God preserue your Maiestie.

Hen.5. Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?

Iustice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen.5. Why what ailes you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my griefe well.

Hen.5. Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleete, did you not?

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen.5. I truly my Lord, and for recompencement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme, Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne Out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am vnworthie Of so high a dignitie.

Hen 5. But my Lord, you are not vnworthie, Because I thinke you worthie: For you that would not spare me, I thinke will not spare another, It must needs be so, and therefore come, Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedie, thou Thou must needs serue the king.

Iohn. God maister Captaine let me go: I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you good maister Captaine, Be good to my husband.

Cap. Why I am sure he is not too good to serue ye king.

Iohn. Alasse no: but a great deale too bad, Therefore I pray you let me

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

Iohn

Iohn. Oh sir, I haue a great many shoes at home to Cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home againe.

Cap. Tush I care not, thou shalt go.

Iohn. Oh wife, and you had beene a louing wife to me, This had not bene, for I haue said many times, That I would go away, and now I must go Against my will.

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

Der. How now hy, *Basillus Manus*, for an old rodpéece, Maister Captaine shall we away? Sownds how now Iohn, what a crying? What make you and my dame there? I maruell whole head you will throw the stooles at, Now we are gone.

Wife. Ile tell you, coure ye cloghead, What do you with my potlid? heare you, Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her potlid.

Der. Oh good dame, here he shakes her, And I had my dagger here, I wold wounde you al to péeces That I would.

Wife. Would you so, Ile trie that.

She beateth him.

Der. Maister Captaine will you suffer her? Go to dame, I will go backe as far as I can, But and you come againe, Ile clap the law on your backe thats flat: Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall do? Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you, She will do as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?

Theefe.

Theefe. I truly ſir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I preſſe thée for a ſouldier,
To ſerue the king in France.

Der. How now Gads, what doeſt knowes thinkeſt?

Theefe. I, I knew thée long ago.

Der. Heare you maiſter Captaine?

Cap. What ſaiſt thou?

Der. I pray you let me go home againe.

Cap. Why what wouldſt thou do at home?

Der. Marry I haue brought two ſhirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am ſure héele ſteale it from me,
He is ſuch a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thée he wil not ſteale it from thée,
Come lets away.

Der. Come maiſter Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

Iohn. Come wife, lets part louingly.

Wife. Farewell good husband.

Der. Fie what a killing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?
Why Iohn come away, doeſt thinke that we are ſo baſe
Minded to die among French men?
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie
Vs in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot ſtaie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Conſtable of France.

King. Now my Lord high Conſtable,
What ſay you to our Embaſſage into England?

Conſt. And it pleaſe your Maieſtie, I can ſay nothing,
Vntil my Lords Embaſſadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in ſo good a readineſſe,

For feare of the worst.

King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,
But if the King of England make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. But my Lord, although the King of England
Be yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of
France.

King. Oh my sonne, although the King of England be
Yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is ruled
By his wise Councellors.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Archb. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king.

King. Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archb. And please your Maiestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing will serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me hasse quickly,
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is already landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the River of Sene,
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great hasse in the meane time,
Haue you not?

Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of braſſe and yron:
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Con. Tush, we will make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you.

Enters

Enters a Messenger.

Messen. God saue the mightie King of France.
King. Now Messenger, what newes?
Messen. And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yelded to the English King.
King. Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?
My Lords, let the Normans, Brabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall
Ouer all my whole Armie.
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.
Dolp. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.
King. I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie.
Dol. Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.
King. I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men,
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke. And it please your Maiestie,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of victuals.

Hen.5. And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone.

Hen.5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would giue me the
Euantgard in the battell.

Hen.5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:
For I haue alreadie giuē it to my vncke ȳ Duke of York,
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.

Hen.5. Herald tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wrongfull vsurpers of my right:
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.

Herald. And it please your grace,

My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field.
Hen.5. Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis togither,
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hãds with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile sée the number of the French army my selfe.
Strike vp the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,
And me will tel you what me wil do,
Me will tro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.
2. Soul. Come away Jacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the braue apparel that the English mans
Hay broth ouer, I wil tel you what
Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.
1. Soul. What do thou meane by trunkes?
2. Soul. A shest man, a hundred shests.
1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,
Me ha put fiue shildren out of my house,
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.

Drum. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil tro
At the kings Drummer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. Sol. Faith me wil tro at ỹ Earle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. Sol. Ha, but Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,
Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,
Ha, me haue no good lucks.

Enters a Captaine.

Cap. How now what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?

2. Sol. Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here?

Drum. Awé, awé.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

2. Sol. I wil tel you what whe haue doune,
We haue bene troing our chance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set three or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh
And scoffe at him.

2. Soul. Oh braue Captaine.

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie
To see the poore king:
Why who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Peers of
France? Are not here the Normans with their firic hand-
Gunnes, and launching Curtleaxes?
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses,
And lanching speares?
Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing
Dartes.

The

The Hennes with their cutting Glaues and sharpe
Carbuckles.
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs:
Why take an English man out of his warme bed
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,
And alas what wil become of him?
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish rote,
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.
Exit.

2. Soul. Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English mans. (Exit.

Enters the king of England and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,
What company is there of the French men?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,
And fortie thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand.
They threescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand.
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one:
My Lords and louing Country men,
Though we be fewe and they many,
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God wil defend you:
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.
Now my Lords, I wil that my vncle the Duke of Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

The

The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come freih vpon them.
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
Wil be in the midst of the battell.
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Northumberland,
With their troupes of horsmen, be cõtinually running like
Wings on both sides of the army:
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.
Then I wil, that euery archer prouide him a stake of
A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may goze themselues vpon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogither,
And so discomfit them.

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therwith cõtent.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your highnesse.

Exit.

Hen.5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordered,
And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,
But let them loke, for I meane to set vpon them.

The Trumpet soundes.

Soft, heres comes some other French message.

Enters Herauld.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of thée
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
Perhaps thou maist agrée better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.

Hen.5. Why then belike your high Constable,
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis bals
No not so much as one poore tennis ball,
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crowes,
Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome
For my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution.

Hen.5. No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a king:
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen.5. Then is it good time no doubt,
For all England praieth for vs:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me:
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.

Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.

The French men crie within. S. Dennis, S. Dennis,
Mount Ioy S. Dennis.

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine,
Aboue ten thousand, twentie fiue hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or six and twentie Common souldiers.

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vncle,
I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,
Here comes another French message.

Sound Trumpet.

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie Conquerer,
The honourable king of England.

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the king of England,
What is thy message?

Her. My Lord & maister, the conquered king of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Herald, his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Constable,
And those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may see, you will make your seines
Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Castle is this so neere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,

Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.
Hen.5. Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our English men,
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt.
Herald. And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.
Hen.5. What is that Herald? say on.
Her. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and maister,
Craues to parley with your Maiestie.
Hen.5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.
Herald. Your grace needs not to doubt that.
Exit Herald.
Hen.5. Well, tell him then, I will come.
Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Curtesie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords.
Exeunt omnes.

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?
Iohn. But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trees.
Robin. I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

Enters an English souldier, roming.

Soul. What are you my maisters?
Both. Why we be English men.
Soul. Are you English men, then change your language
For the Kings Tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kild.
Iohn. What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French.

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak:
Iohn. Commodeuales Monsieur.
Robin. Thats well, come lets be gone.
Drum and Trumpet sounds:
Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman,
and takes him prisoner.
Dericke. O good Mounser.
French man. Come, come, you vil'eaco.
Der. O I will sir, I will.
Frenchman. Come quickly you pesant.
Der. I will sir, what shall I giue you?
French. Marry thou shalt giue me,
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.
Der. Nay sir, I will giue you more,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword.
French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns
As will lie on my sword?
Der. I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.
Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and
the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.
Der. Thou villaine, darest thou loke vp?
French. O good Mounsier comparteue.
Monsieur pardon me.
Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short cl:
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.
Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French
man runnes his wayes.
Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,
And then I should haue beene spilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.
Enters King of France, King of England,
and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
My comming into this land was not to shead blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,
And to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand,
My louing brother of England?

Hen. 5. My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.

Charles. A very hard sentence,
My good brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France.

French King. Well read on.

Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.

French King. Why then you do not onely meane to
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. 5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough:
And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptorie,
My good brother of England.

Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

Hen. 5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches

Charles. I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles. Well my brother of England,
If you will giue me a coppie,
We will méete you againe to morrow.

Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

Hen.5. With a good will my good brother of France.
Secretary deliuer him a coppie.
My lords of England go before,
And I will follow you. Exeunt Lords.

Speakes to himselfe.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie Harry.
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a freesh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here she comes:
How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes?

Kath.ren. And it please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Vnreasonable demands which you require:

Hen.5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it
If it were possible:
But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

Kate. I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

Hen.5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do,
That spend halfe their time in woing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Untill you had related all these vnreasonable demands.

Hen. 5. Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so
Hardly: But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?

Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly
With my father.

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easily with thée,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,
How saist thou, what will it be?

Kate. If I were of my owne direction,
I could giue you answere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Hen. 5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,
I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

Hen. 5. Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloued of the mightie king of England.

Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?
Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to
It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

Kat. God kepe your Maiestie in good health.

Exit. Kat.

Hen. 5. Farwel sweet Kate, in faith, it is a sweet wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees.

Exit King.

Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shooes.

Der. How now? Sownes it did me good to see how
I did triumph ouer the French men.

Enters

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.

Iohn. Whope Dericke, how doest thou?
Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.
Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.
Der. Were you so?
Iohn. I trust me, I had like bene slaine.
Der. But once kild, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or fiue times slaine.
Iohn. Foure or fiue times slaine.
Why how couldst thou haue bene aliue now?
Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,
For I was cald the blodie souldier amongst them all.
Iohn. Why what didst thou?
Der. Why I will tell thee Iohn,
Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, and then I wold go into the field,
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a blodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad:
But marke the chance Iohn.
I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn.
I thought I had bene safe, but on a sodaine,
There steps to me a lustie tall French man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there,
Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,
And skipped quite ouer a hedge,
And he saw me no more there that day,
And was not this well done Iohn?
Iohn. Maste Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.
Der. I Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst take my counsel,
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French men.
Iohn. I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell
To carry home to my wife.
Der. And I haue got some shoes,
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their shoes.
Iohn. I but Dericke, how shall we get home?
Der. Nay sownds, and they take thee,
They wil hang thee,
O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.
Iohn. Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.
Der. I but you may not go before you aske the king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.
Iohn. How is that Dericke?
Der. Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?
Iohn. I that I do.
Der. Why then thou knowest wele go with it.
Iohn. I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?
Der. Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow keepes a good stint,
And then I will go drinke to thee all the way:
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog
By the way?
Iohn. Why what shall we do Dericke?
Der. Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore,
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,
Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpets sound.

Iohn. Dericke helpe me to carry my shoes and bootes.

Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.

Hen.5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answere?
Fr.King. I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.
Hen.5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.
Fr.King. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie
In this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.
Hen.5. Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.
Fr.King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.
Secret. Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,

The

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer.

Hen.5. Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must néeds desire.

Fr.King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen.5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

Fr.King. Whereas they haue not stucke with greater Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle,
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

Hen.5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgon. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the said Philip to send him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen.5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen.5. Well my brother of France,
There is one thing more I must néeds require of you.

Fr.King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your (Maiestie?

Hen.5. A trifle my good brother of France.
I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:
Now saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate. How should I loue that, which is my fathers enemy?

Hen.5. Tut stand not vpon these points,
Tis you must make vs friends:
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thée:
What wench, the King of England?

French

French King. Daughter let nothing ſtand betwixt the
King of England and thée, agrée to it.
Kate. I had beſt whilſt he is willing,
Leaſt when I would, he will not:
I reſt at your Maieſties commaund.
Hen.5. Welcome ſweet Kate, but my brother of France,
What ſay you to it?
French king. With all my heart I like it,
But when ſhall be your wedding day?
Hen.5. The firſt Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.